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NO DARK HORSE

So Declares Hilles, Secretary to the President

Says It Will Be Either Taft or Roosevelt, and that the Taft Forces Will Not Bolt

WASHINGTON, June 1.—President Taft will neither consider, listen to nor accept the suggestion of a compromise candidate.

Neither will there be a bolt by the Taft forces—rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. If he is beaten President Taft will take his defeat with good grace and will not attempt to start another party to secure the nomination for the Presidency on any other pretext.

This was the comment made by Secretary Hilles on the question of a possible dark horse capturing the Presidential nomination when the Republican National convention meets on the 18th of this month.

Indignantly repudiating any assertion that the question of a compromise had been broached to the President or that he would consider it should it be made, Secretary Hilles continued:

"This is a fight between President Taft and Col. Roosevelt. The nomination, so far as we can see, lies between one of these men. We are considering no dark horse. The President will go into the convention with enough votes to nominate him. If the unexpected happens and he fails in his purpose, the man who wins will do so because of his own strength and not from any votes which will be swung to him by the President.

"This is strictly a 'two man fight' with odds, in our opinion, in favor of the President. We are making every effort to hold our own in Ohio, and I see no reason why we should not do so.

"The President is not considering visiting Chicago at the time of the convention. Whether Col. Roosevelt is on hand at this time or not will make no difference. The President will remain here to attend to business and will leave the attention to the details in Chicago in the hands of Director McKinley and myself.

"On June 17th President Taft will preside at the graduation exercises at Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y. He will return here on June 18 and will receive the news of the convention by telegraph and long distance telephone. All precedents would be shattered should the President of the United States attend a convention in which he is personally interested, and President Taft is not considering such a radical move.

"Besides, we see no necessity for it. We have strength enough already. Our delegates, who are sure, can take care of themselves, and there is no fear of an organized bolt to the opposition.

"The chairmanship of the National Committee is a subject which has received little attention as yet. Senator Root will doubtless be the temporary chairman, but the selection of a permanent chairman, probably, will not be taken up until after the close of the convention, as was done in 1908."

While Secretary Hilles would not positively assert who would nominate President Taft at the Chicago convention, he admitted that both Senator Burton and Warren G. Harding, of Ohio, were being considered for this honor. The fact that Harding, who was defeated by Harmon during the last gubernatorial campaign, had a long conversation

with the President Friday, supposedly concerning the Ohio situation, has apparently thrown the balance in his favor, the more so since Senator Burton failed signally to carry out his promises that the President would at least "make a good showing in his home State."

Secretary Hilles will leave here for Chicago in time to be present at the contest hearings before the Republican Committee, June 6. He will then remain in Chicago until the convention closes, holding the office of personal representative of the President.

Claude Allen Found Guilty

After deliberating two hours and a half the jury today found Claude Swanson Allen guilty of murder in the second degree for the killing of Judge Massie at Hillsville in March.

The jury recommended punishment be fixed at fifteen years in the penitentiary.

Sentence was suspended in order that he may testify in the other cases growing out of the shooting up of the Carroll county court.

The Commonwealth sprung a surprise when it announced that it would try Claude Allen next for the murder of Sheriff Lewis Webb.

Objection was made by Allen's counsel and argument will be heard on this when court reconvenes July 5. Remarking that he did not believe that another jury could be secured in this county, Judge Staples instructed the issue of summons for a venire of one hundred from the adjoining county of Washington to report on July 2.

The five Allen clansmen held for their connection with the Hillsville shooting tonight were taken to Roanoke pending the reconvening of court here in July.

Boyd Marion, who was indicted with the Allens, was released today under \$1,000 bond.

June 29th, Date for Hiring Teachers in Knox County

The Attorney General in a recent decision decided that the Board of Education may call a meeting of the sub-district trustees, either on the 15th or 29th of June, for the purpose of hiring teachers. This call meeting for hiring teachers in Knox County will be on the 29th day of June.

The following paragraphs are taken from the new school law and become effective after June 13, 1912.

"It shall be the duty of the sub-district trustee to nominate and recommend in writing to the division board one or more teachers for each school in his sub-district, and with said nomination and recommendation he shall convey the teacher's credentials and any objections, remonstrances or petitions that may be offered, in voting, to the election of said teacher or teachers nomination by the trustee thereof, when such teacher possess the necessary qualifications and no reasonable objections is offered

No salary of any teacher in any sub-district shall be less than \$35 nor more than \$70 per month, and these shall be based on and regulated by the qualifications of the teacher and the number of children actually in attendance in proportion to the number enrolled in the school census for the district, graduated in accordance with and conforming to such rules and regulations governing same as shall be hereafter prescribed by the State Board of Education."

I feel sure that I will have ready for print, the schedule showing specific bases on which teachers will be paid, on or before the last Saturday in June.

W. W. Evans, Supt.

JUST RECEIVED

**SOLID CAR LOAD
Pittsburg Perfect Fence**

ALSO

**CAR LOAD
Barbed Wire and Nails**

**Our prices will be lower
than ever heard of before**

**COLE, HUGHES & COMPANY
DEPARTMENT STORE**

FIVE MILLION BUSHELS OF CORN FOR KNOX COUNTY

Knox County needs corn, and if it needs anything more than this, it is more corn. We think that Knox County could double her production of corn. Corn is one of the great necessities of Knox County. We want to interest the farmers to raise more corn and better quality, and with that in mind we have offered twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) in cash prizes for corn. This corn to be displayed at the Knox County Fair. No entrance fee will be charged for this display and no part of the premium will be taken by the Fair Company. The full sum of twenty five dollars (\$25.00) will be turned over to the successful contestants. We want every corn raiser in the County to put forth his best efforts. The First National Bank stands for progress, and for all those things that make to the best interest of the farmer, as well as every other citizen of the County. We want you to meet us half way on this proposition. We produce the twenty-five dollars and you farmers produce the corn. This is the National Bank that has the largest number of stockholders, and the strongest financial backing of any bank in this section. It is the largest Government depository. It is the City and a County depository. It has the largest surplus profit fund of any bank in this section. Its assets are nearly a quarter of a million dollars, it is growing faster than any bank in this section. It is absolutely safe. It pays you 3 per cent on time deposits. Call and get acquainted and learn the particulars of this corn contest.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Barbourville, Ky.

MEMORIAL DAY IN DIXIE

D. U. C. And G. A. R. Decorate Graves of Soldiers

Together at St. Petersburg

D. W. Clark Writer Letter

St. Petersburg, Fla.,
June 3, 1912.

Editor, Mountain Advocate,

My Dear Sir:—

Perhaps some of my old Kentucky friends and former readers will be interested in a description of how the G. A. R. Post, and friends away down in Dixie, in St. Petersburg observed Memorial Day May 30.

During the time of this interesting service here our mind wandered back to our old Kentucky home and we thought of the G. A. R. Post No 221, that had so kindly honored us as to make us an honorary member and thought of the very interesting

day that they were enjoying at the old Knox County Fair grounds.

We are glad to say, in the beginning that we find a strong spirit of Patriotism here, and the people are as true to the flag as any people on earth.

Most beautiful and impressive ceremonies were held at Greenwood Cemetery on Thursday afternoon by the members of the G. A. R. and the U. D. C. The members of the organizations, numbering about one hundred, went out to the cemetery on the 3 o'clock car and marched to the section reserved for the heroes of the army and navy who gave their lives for their country.

Adjutant E. S. Upham read a memorial address telling of the brave deeds of the blue and gray, and spoke in beautiful terms of the 40,000 comrades who had departed to the great beyond during the past year, and stated that he hoped Old Glory would continue to wave forever over one country. He said greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his country. Chaplain J. O. Thompson offered a beautiful prayer. The audience then

sang "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which was followed by a reading, "The Blue and the Gray," by Miss Marguerite Blocker. Miss Blocker's rendering of this pathetic number brought tears to the eyes of her hearers. She looked very girlish and pretty in her gown of white lace with a corsage bouquet of red poppies, and was presented with a handsome bouquet of roses by Adjutant Upham, at the close. Chaplain Thompson then read Lincoln's address delivered at Gettysburg. Rev. S. A. Keen's address spelled true American patriotism in every line and was received with interest by all present. He spoke of the famous legend of the Rhine, where the imperial Charles returns each year to his old haunts, breathing a blessing over field, hamlet and people and then returns to his tomb. He spoke of the spirit of our patriots being with us ever and spoke of their lives as a benediction to us and causing us to seek after peace and truth and causing us to fight a nobler battle in the conflict of the cross. He said the day always brought back memories to the veterans, not only of the battles fought, but of the friends made and the devotion of comrades in prison, hospital and camp. He spoke of the first man who fell in the conflict in 1861. Private Luther C. Ladd, whose life was sacrificed at Baltimore, and read a beautiful poem commemorating the bravery of Private Ladd. Rev. Keen stated that the people of our nation were getting farther and farther from the original intention of the holy memorial day and stated that picnics, and ball games were an affront to the living as well as the dead soldier. He thought that we ought to show more reverence for the departed, and stated that he thought the time was not far distant when Memorial Sunday and Memorial Day would be observed as one day, and asked the aid of the veterans and friends to lend their aid in fighting the evils of intemperance. Sabbath desecration. He spoke of the beautiful legend, "The Great Champion," written by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

After Rev. Keen's address the audience joined in singing "America" and then decorated the graves of the departed veterans with beautiful flowers.

After the graves had been decorated, the G. A. R. veterans and members of the U. D. C. went to the electric dock, where the beautiful ceremony of strewing the water with flowers was held. "Nearer, My God to Thee" was sung, after which a responsive service was held by the officers of the corps. All joined in singing "Jesus, Lover Of My Soul," and Rev. Keen offered a prayer. Adjutant Upham stepped forward at the end of the service and cast a handsome white wreath upon the waters, in memory of the departed soldiers and sailors.

D. W. Clark.

No Compromise

WASHINGTON, May 30.—President Taft today sent a telegram to Arthur I. Vorys, Republican National Committeeman for Ohio, declaring that while he does not need that State's six delegates-at-large to secure the Presidential nomination, he would not consider a compromise in the Ohio State convention.

To Consumptives

Rev. Edward A. Wilson was cured by simple means of a severe throat and lung affection which developed into consumption. If you will write to Mr. Chas. A. Abbott, 60 Ann St., New York City, he will send you (FREE OF CHARGE) Mr. Wilson's full description of his cure. It will cost you nothing and may prove a blessing.

5-24-12

URGES PARCELS POST TO STRIKE AT MIDDLE MAN

Representative Powers Tells House Farm Products Should Go Direct to Consumer

Kentucky Member Asserts Present Method is Double Price of Rural Products

Washington, April 27.—Parcels post, which will benefit both the farmer and the ultimate consumer, was strongly urged in the House today by Representative Caleb Powers of Kentucky, who presented startling figures to show the profit of the middleman. Mr. Powers, who spoke during the debate on the post-office appropriation bill, which provides for the establishment of a general parcels post with an eleven-pound limit and an experimental parcels post on rural routes, created surprise when he said:

"The farm products of the country last year had an estimated aggregate value of \$9,000,000,000. The farmers used perhaps one-third of the products; the remaining \$6,000,000,000 worth cost the ultimate consumer \$13,000,000,000. In other words, the price of the farm product was more than doubled from the time it left the farm until it reached the mouths of the consumers through the medium of the middleman."

Appeals for the Farmer

Advocating the establishment of a parcels post which will permit the handling of farm products over mail routes, Mr. Powers declared that "the farmer ought to have the right to send his produce direct to the consumer, instead of having it go through a dozen hands before it reaches the table of the consumer."

The Kentucky Representative expressed the hope that the commission which it is proposed shall be created to investigate the subject of an unlimited parcels post "may devise some means to extend the system so as to benefit the farmer and consumer by permitting the handling of farm products in large quantities."

The post office appropriation bill authorized the establishment of an experimental parcels post on rural mail routes for a period of two years. It also provides for a general parcels post, applicable to all routes, with a package limit of eleven pounds, at the rate of 12 cents a pound. Mr. Powers took issue with the contention that the lower rate accorded strictly rural route shipments discriminated in favor of the farmers. The haul would be shorter, he said, and the rate of five cents a pound for the first pound and two cents for each additional pound up to eleven pounds on rural route shipments was justified. He deprecated the fact that the bill did not provide even more liberal treatment for shipments originating and delivered on rural routes.

Referring to the proposition to establish a general parcels post Mr. Powers said:

"There are twenty-three foreign nations which now have a right to transmit in our mails fourth-class packages up to a weight of eleven pounds, for which there is a charge of 12 cents a pound. It is proposed to make this provision applicable to our own people, putting their mail matter on a parity with that of foreign nations. It is just that the mails of this country should be available for the use of citizens of the United States on terms as fair and reasonable as those accorded these twenty-three foreign nations."

—New York Tribune.

We are authorized to announce

THEO. B. BLAKEY

of Beattyville, as a candidate for the nomination for Appellate Judge for the 7th District subject to the action of the Republican Party at the Primary to be held August 3rd, 1912.

A little more attention to some of the trees standing near the sidewalks in some parts of the town would not be amiss. It is almost impossible to carry an open umbrella in some places on account of the overhanging limbs

A Decision for the Newspaper Men

The right of newspaper reporters to respect the confidence of their sources of information on which stories and articles are written and published is upheld by Judge Turner in the Circuit Court at Milwaukie. In ruling that a newspaper man's confidence is inviolable the learned court not only sustains the ethics of reportorial life, but is doing something toward the education of a large majority of average citizens who rush into the city editor's room, paper in hand, and loudly demand: "I want to know where you got this outrageous account!"

The plaintiff in the case before Judge Turner was John Killilea, who requested the court to compel a reporter to reveal under oath the names of persons who had furnished information used as the basis of a news matter. Killilea urged that the publication of the article in question tended to prejudice the jury and that the statements made in reviewing the history of a condemnation proceeding were inaccurate and were evidently supplied by interested parties.

Judge Turner held that he had no power to require the reporter to be sworn or examined, unless the reporter was willing to take the stand.

It is a common practice of many persons, who see something in a newspaper about themselves which displeases them, no matter how truthful it may be, to call upon the telephone and demand the name of the reporter, a full history of his sources of information and an immediate retraction "as prominently displayed as the original report." Needless to say editors do not answer such complaints offhand. The subject is again carefully gone into and if it is found that a mistake has been made a correction is gladly printed.

State University Gets Endowment

News has been received by President H. S. Barker, of State University, that State has been placed on the list for a \$40,000 endowment from the Peabody fund, and as soon as the proper papers have been signed by him and forwarded to the proper authorities, the money will be turned over to the institution.

State University has never before received funds for an endowment, having depended upon the appropriations from the State Legislature. This gift is made under a decision of the trustees of the Peabody fund for education, made last year, when they decided to split the \$3,000,000 of the Peabody fund, remaining into endowments of \$40,000 each to be distributed among the leading universities of the country in the interest of pedagogical instruction. The part received by State will be held in trust and the proceeds devoted to the interests of the College of Education.

TO HEAR HER SING

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

To hear her sing—to hear her sing—
It is to hear the birds of Spring
Indewy groves on blooming sprays
Pour out their blithest roundelays.

It is to hear the robin trill
At morning, or the whippoorwill
At dusk, when stars are blossoming
To hear her sing—to hear her sing!

To hear her sing—it is to hear
The laugh of childhood ringing clear
In woody path or grassy lane
Our feet may never fare again.

Such joy it is to hear her sing.
We fall in love with every thing—
The simple things of every day
Grow lovelier than words can say.

To hear the bulbul's voice that shook
The throat that thrilled for
Lalla Rookh:
What wonder we in homage bring
Our hearts to her—to hear her sing.

The following is an extract from the letter received by President Barker the other morning:

Washington, June 1, 1912.
President Henry S. Barker,
State University,
Lexington, Ky.

Dear President Barker:—

I am enclosing papers for execution by the proper authorities of your institution. x x x When Mr. Choate, our chairman, receives the papers properly signed his committee will instruct Mr. Morgan, the treasurer, to pay over the funds.

Very sincerely yours,
WICKLIFFE ROSE,
General Agent.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE**KNOX CIRCUIT COURT**

W. F. Amis et al. Plffs.

vs.
T. H. Amis & Co. Def'ts.

By order of the Knox Circuit Court, rendered at its April term, 1912, in the case of W. F. Amis & Co. plaintiffs, against T. H. Amis & Co. defendants.

I will, as Commissioner, on the 24th day of June 1912, same being first day of Knox County Court, sell at the court house door in Barbourville, Ky., to the highest and best bidder, the following described property, on a credit of 6 months.

FIRST TRACT, beginning at a white oak the lower corner of a 98 acre survey made in the name of Dillard, and known as the lower Dillard corner; thence with the meander of the river and up the same to a sycamore a conditional line originally made by Ambrose Arthur, between his two sons John and Thomas Arthur, thence southwardly with said conditional line to the conditional line between Wilkerson Amis, and John G. Amis, about 100 yards e of a sulphur spring; thence with said conditional line to the beginning containing 100 acres more or less but there is excepted from this boundary the Wilkerson Amis, grave yard.

SECOND TRACT, bounded on the e by the Cumberland River, on the s by the lands of S. B. Dishman and J. J. Purcifull, on the w by the lands owned by J. J. Purcifull and the Purcifull heirs and on the n by R. S. Amis, and it is further bounded on the w by lands of Jack Amis, and Mary J. Amis.

Said property will be sold on a credit of six months the purchaser to execute bonds with approved security, bearing interest at six per cent, from date until paid, having the force and effect of a judgement and retaining a lien on said property until the purchase money is paid.

Witness my hand, this 5th day of June 1912.

J. R. Jones, Commissioner.

Sale about 1 p. m. Purchasers must execute bonds as soon as sale is over, or the property will be immediately put up and resold.

The Perfect Test

By Annie Hinrichsen

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Do you really mean that you will give me no explanation?"

"I can not explain, Katherine," Carter protested. "My reason is an excellent one. Some time I can give it to you. I ask you to trust me until that time."

"We have been the best of good friends, Doane. Before the legislature convened you came often from your home in Johnsonville to Benton to see me, a distance of seventy miles. After the legislature assembled and you were in Capital City, ten miles from my home, you came once to Benton. Then you wrote me that you could not come again for many weeks, probably not until the legislature adjourns. You said there is a reason which some time I shall understand and—and you asked me to—"

"To love me and trust me," Carter broke in. "You did not answer my letter."

"Of course, I did not. When a man tells a girl he does not intend to see her again she knows it is because he does not want to. I came to Capital City every few days to see my sister, who is in a hospital here. Today I meet you by chance, and you ask me to believe that you care for me?"

"You know I love you, Katherine. Will you not trust me a few weeks? Will you not believe that my reason is a good one and an honorable one?"

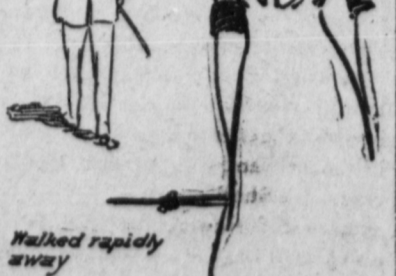
"Then why not tell me?"

"I can't, dear, yet."

"Is it because you can not trust me with the reason or—because there is no reason except your desire to end our friendship?"

"I am not a cad, although you seem to think I am. I could trust you with anything in the world that I could in honor share with you. But I can not tell you this."

"You need not," Katherine's voice had become suspiciously gracious. "Your affairs are no concern of mine."



Walked rapidly away

You and I enjoyed for a time a pleasant friendship. You have ended it. Will you please leave me? I do not care to walk with a stranger."

Carter's perplexed, angry eyes met her calm ones. Then he lifted his hat and walked rapidly away.

For several weeks the general assembly had been deadlocked over the

election of a United States senator. There were ninety-three Republican members and eighty-eight Democratic ones. The Republicans had nominated Sherrill Vane. The Democratic candidate was James Brown. As the Republicans had a majority of five it was expected that their candidate would be elected on the first ballot. But when the Republicans met in caucus and chose their candidate, five of the younger members of the party rebelled, refused to support Sherrill Vane and demanded the election of George Allerton.

Allerton had never been affiliated with either party. He was the leading lawyer of the state, a man of incorruptible honor and national fame.

The five insurgents openly declared their hostility to Sherrill Vane, the Republican candidate, and announced that the deadlock would remain until George Allerton was elected. The leader of the insurgents was Doane Carter.

Around the insurgent band raged the political battle. The Republican party used every weapon and every strategy at their command to compel the five to support the party candidate. The Democrats fought as fiercely to win them for the Democratic candidate. Day after day for many weeks the ballot remained the same: Sherrill Vane, 88; James Brown, 88; George Allerton, 5.

One morning Katherine Vane sat in the gallery of the house of representatives. The balloting began. Amidst the wildest bedlam the old hall had ever held, George Allerton received the vote of the entire Democratic faction and of the insurgent band and was declared the successful candidate for the senate.

Katherine pushed her way through the crowd toward the elevator. A hand touched her arm. Doane Carter, the leader of the insurgent band, almost as great a hero in that hour as the man whose election he had secured, stood beside her. He drew her into a committee room and closed

the door against a clamoring mob of admirers.

"You know now why I could not come to see you." His voice was cold. He spoke hurriedly as if in haste to dispose of an unpleasant topic. "Your uncle, it was known, was using every means to secure those five votes. The Democratic candidate was also doing his best to get them. Both men are grafters and bribees. We five stood out to elect a good man. I was made chairman of our band. Every act of mine was watched by the spies of each side. Had it been known that I was going to Benton, Sherrill Vane's home, to see his niece I should have been suspected of secretly favoring his candidacy. I could not have made any one understand that he and your father are bitter enemies because your father despises his political methods. My connection with his family would have made my men suspicious of my sincerity and they might have been won by one or the other faction."

"There was more at stake than a little glory for ourselves. We were fighting to compel the assembly to elect a great man instead of a boodler. Last night the Democratic leaders agreed, since they could not elect their candidate, to share with us the honor of electing Allerton."

"Now you understand my reason. When I refused to tell you and you refused to trust me, the candidates had not been nominated, and our plans to refuse to support Vane, if he should be nominated, were still secret. I could not in honor tell you the plans of my associates."

"I understand, Doane, and I am sorry—I can't tell you how sorry I am—how much I regret my unkindness. If you were to ask me again to trust you—"

"I shall not. Since I have been proved honorable you are willing to trust me. I have given you the explanation I promised you. I do not ask you to love me. What sort of wife would you be? A woman who would have no confidence in her husband, who would not believe his word of honor unless it was supported by affidavits." He opened the door to allow her to pass out. "Good morning," he said curtly.

In the rotunda she met her uncle, the defeated candidate. For the first time in her life he spoke to her.

"Doane Carter sold out for a price," he said deliberately. "His price was Allerton's daughter. He expects to marry her. She is the reason he formed an insurgent band and elected her father."

"That is not true." There was conviction in Katherine's voice. "He elected Mr. Allerton because he was a great man, an honor to the state and not a boodling politician. Doane Carter is a man whom no price can buy."

"Good for you," laughed Carter behind her. "I hurried after you," he went on when her uncle was out of hearing, "to ask you to forgive me for being such a brute and to love me if you can. I've loved you all the time, Kate, dear, but my pride had been awfully hurt by your lack of confidence in me."

"Lack of confidence? Did I not prove that my trust in you is absolute when Uncle Sherrill could not make me suspicious or jealous by saying you loved another woman? Have I not stood the perfect test? Aren't you sure now that I trust you and—and love you?"

Metal in Place of Paper.

Metal sheets are proposed as a substitute for paper for the pages of books; such sheets would be tougher, more flexible, and would absorb ink better than paper.

PUBLIC SALE

As administrator I will on

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1912

Sell to the highest and best bidder the farm of R. M. Robinson, deceased, situated in Garrard County, Kentucky, on the Lexington and Danville pike, 6½ miles northeast of Danville, 7½ miles northwest of Lancaster, ½ mile west of Camp Dick Robinson and 2½ miles southeast of Bryantsville, consisting of 175 acres more or less. This land adjoins historical Camp Dick Robinson, one of the most noted agricultural districts in Kentucky, noted especially for the raising of hemp and Burley tobacco. This land is in the highest state of cultivation—about 70 acres in cultivation, the remainder in blue grass, a part of which is virgin soil. The improvements on this farm consist of a good modern 8 room frame residence with water works and an up-to-date bath room with all necessary outbuildings, such as a good 8-stall barn, buggy house, hen house, ice house, granary, cow barn, 200-barrel corn crib with wagon shed attached, cattle barn, the very best of fence, a deep bored well with windmill in perfect condition, a concrete tank of sufficient capacity to water the entire farm with the purest and best mineral water; it also has a never-failing spring centrally located. On one corner of this farm is located a store-room and a 5-room cottage with a good stable and other outbuildings, and in the store is the post office of Marcellus. There is also the best blacksmith shop in the county within 200 yards; Pleasant Grove Church within 150 yards. This place will be offered in two tracts:—First the farm and then the store property containing about 1½ acres of ground, and the buildings thereon as above mentioned, and then as a whole, and the highest and best bid will be accepted. Possession will be given January 1st, 1913, with seeding privileges this fall. **TERMS** as follows: Purchaser will be required to give bond for the fulfillment of the following terms:—One-half cash Jan. 1, 1913, balance in equal payments in one, two and three years, bearing 6 per cent interest. A lien will be retained on the land for the deferred payments. At the same time and place will sell personal property.

For further information call on B. F. Robinson Marcellus, Ky., or G. B. Robinson, Danville, Ky.

Sale Begins Promptly at 10:30 a. m.
Dinner Will Be Served on the Ground

B. F. ROBINSON

ADMINISTRATOR

**FIRST CLASS RIGS****G. W. TYE****Livery, Sale & Feed****STABLE.**

CORN, HAY, OATS AND
OTHER STOCK FEED.

Nice Rigs, Fat Horses.

**THE NEW
MIDDLESBORO HOTEL**
MIDDLESBORO, KENTUCKY

Reopened for business under new management and recognized as one of the finest

**SUMMER RESORTS
IN KENTUCKY**

The patronage of commercial men solicited
RATES - \$2.00 and up

T. L. FIRESTONE, MGR.

**State
Normal****A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS**

COURSES Preparatory, State Certificate, Life Diploma,
County Certificate, Review and Special

Summer Term Opens June 18

EXPENSES VERY LOW

TUITION FREE TO APPOINTEES

ASK ABOUT IT. ARTISTIC CATALOGUE FREE

Address J. G. CRABBE, President, Richmond, Ky.

Sounded Like a Threat.

"I'm going to ride at the country," said a Frenchman, whose English was not very perfect, to a friend in town. "You should say ride in the country," remarked the friend. "Oh! yes—very good," responded the Frenchman, "and when I come back I will knock in your door."

As She Understood It.

"I do think," said Mrs. Siltung, "they're the meanest people I ever heard of. You know Sam used to work for them. Well, he owes them a few dollars when he quit and the first thing they did when he got another job was to go to his employers and varnish his salary!"

L. & N. Time Card

North Bound

No. 23 Daily, due..... 10:00 a. m.
No. 12 " except Sunday..... 1:50 p. m.
No. 24 Daily, due..... 11:30 p. m.

South Bound

No. 23 Daily, due..... 8:30 p. m.
No. 11 " except Sunday..... 9:40 a. m.
No. 21 Daily, due..... 3:40 a. m.

Street car leaves Hotel Jones twenty minutes before the scheduled time for trains.

Professional Cards.

Powers & Smith

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT
LAW,
Barbourville, Kentucky.

J. M. ROBSION

LAWYER.

OFFICE: Over First National Bank
BARBOURVILLE, KY.

SOL T. STEELE

LAWYER

Office with Powers, Sampson and Smith
BARBOURVILLE, - - - KY.

A. L. PARKER

DENTIST

OFFICE:—Up Stairs, in Parker Building.

BARBOURVILLE, KY.,

Phones: Office, 36.
Residence, 96.

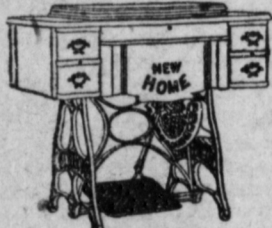
NEW HOME

THE
SEWING
MACHINE
OF
QUALITY.

NOT
SOLD
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ANY
OTHER
NAME.

WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME.

If you purchase the NEW HOME you will have a life asset at the price you pay, and will not have an endless chain of repairs.



Quality
Considered
it is the
Cheapest
in the end
to buy.

If you want a sewing machine, write for our latest catalogue before you purchase.
The New Home Sewing Machine Co., Orange, Mass.

Coal Miners Wanted

4 1/2 ft. pick coal, good wages,
every day run, nice location.
Watts Creek Jellico Coal Co.
Wofford, Ky.

Notice

A majority of the stockholders of the Ostend Jellico Coal Company, representing a majority of the stock, having consented in writing to wind up the affairs of this corporation, and two thirds of the stockholders, representing more than two thirds of the stock of said company, having, after due notice, passed a resolution, authorizing and directing that the affairs of this corporation be wound up, its property sold, its assets collected and the debts be paid, and having by resolution at said meeting authorized and empowered and directed the undersigned as the President and General Manager of said company to wind up its affairs, and sell its property and pay its debts and distribute the residue of its assets among its stockholders, all persons will now take notice that the affairs of the said corporation are being wound up, its property sold, its assets distributed, and all persons having demands against the said corporation will present the same in writing, and all persons owing the said corporation will pay same.

Given under my hand this 5th day of June, 1912.

Ostend Jellico Coal Co.

By, Theo. Weigle, President
and General Manager.

6-7

Keep your eye on the piano contest

LOCALS

Little Ray and Maggie Hershberg visited in Corbin this week.

S. A. Smith returned home to spend summer vacation, Tuesday.

Miss Martha Florence Faulkner of Pineville, visited relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. J. A. McDermott and daughter Mary are visiting in Pineville this week.

Misses Allien and Mabel Matthews visited the Misses Boston in Flat Lick last week.

The moving picture show has again started up. A nice cool place to spend the evening.

Truman Taggard, who has been at Richmond for some time past, is visiting his parents here this week.

The Civic League has again gone to work in earnest and promises to have the court house lawn in better looking condition soon.

Miss Jennie Johnson of Louisville, arrived in this city and began her duties as office assistant at Union College the first of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Stanhill went to Lexington Tuesday night to attend the graduating exercises of their son Will at State University.

Rev. F. W. Harrop returned from Minneapolis Wednesday, where he has been for the past four weeks attending the General M. E. Conference.

Mrs. John Messer, of Knoxville, and Mrs. E. T. Hurst of Manring, Tenn., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Matthews this week.

Miss Ollie Cole is steadily improving from the injuries received in the runaway accident last week and is now able to walk about the house, and will soon be out again.

The ice cream social and lawn fete given by the Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church on the court house lawn last Tuesday evening, was very successful and a nice sum of money was realized.

The M. B. C. baseball team will soon be in a class with the Louisville Colonels if they maintain their present gait. Lost again to Corbin, Saturday, by the score of 3 to 1 at Corbin.

The old Jno. A. Black building on The Square is being renovated and remodeled and will soon be occupied by a barber shop and news stand operated by Messrs F. Moore and Fred W. Hemphill.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Edwards returned Monday, from College Hill for a short visit to her parents. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Decker, and will leave again in a few days to make their home at that place.

LOST—Gold band bracelet, in runaway accident last Thursday. Reward for return or any information that will lead to discovery of the person who has found it and will not bring it in. Return to Mountain Advocate office.

Mr. G. F. Bretz returned last week from Florida and announces that as soon as he is able to sell out all he owns in Knox County he intends to locate there. He will sell out his entire holdings here at a bargain so that he may go where his health will be better.

The G. A. R. memorial services at the cemetery last Thursday were very impressive but they did not fully carry out the program planned on account of the many misleading reports regarding the runaway accident. Speaking and other entertainments had been planned for they but were omitted.

Improvements

Work on the Hoskins building has progressed nicely during the past few days and the front and outside structure is now nearly complete. This building fills in the vacant lot that adjoined the Parker Building and the other building owned by Miss Sallie Hoskins and adds greatly to the general appearance of that block.



Bring Your Clothes Wants Here

The man who demands quality, style and fit wants "Shield Brand" clothes because they are the clothes that are made to satisfy.

The latest Spring models are here and we want you to see them—one look will convince you that "Shield Brand" clothes are the clothes you want to buy at the price you want to pay.

SMITH, RILEY & CO., Barbourville, Ky.

MISS HAYS STILL AHEAD

Made Good Increase During Past Week

Miss Morris Quits Contest This Week

List of Candidates

Laura Hayes	342393
Emma Morris	301857
Linda Lawson	240894
Della Bishop	227614
Jess Davis	221903
Pauline Blackburn	201698
Lutie Lockhart	190084
Cleo Howard	192765
Alice Heaton	180750
Mrs. Lou Webb	190645
Margaret Helton	161853
Kitty Carnes	152945
Mattie Lawson	140850
Elva Jackson	150787
Sarah J. Fuson	148012
Florence Shelton	142819
Jess Ballard	180701
Ida Winchester	175340
M. E. S. S. North	142989
Nan Logan	135852
Julia Smith	139675
Hilda Fisher	135852
Miss Morey	120767
Mollie Gibson	138841
Lenora Lewis	143750
Florence B. Norman	135762
Ida Faulkner	163873
Alice Arnett	130787
Ethel Owens	119310
M. E. S. S. South	120832
Pearl Bullock	110250
Cleo Jones	180642
Tley Miles	127640
Ottie Adams	121992
Minnie Lewallen	119875

Withdrawal Notice of Miss Morris

I take this method of expressing my thanks to my friends who have so generously aided me in the piano contest, but a change of circumstances necessitates my being absent from the county for a few weeks and it will be impossible for me to devote any more time to the contest.

EMMA MORRIS

Mass Meeting Held to Discuss Location of School Building

A mass meeting was held in the court house Tuesday to discuss with the trustees of the Graded School whether or not the new school building should be erected upon the present site with only the small amount of land now attached to it for a playground, or whether or not the trustees should purchase more ground adjoining it; or if it is not possible to obtain additional land at a reasonable price adjoining the present site whether or not it would be advisable to change the location where it would be possible to obtain a sufficient quantity of land to afford the children a nice large play ground.

The question was fully discussed by several prominent citizens and all seemed to favor the purchasing of a larger tract of ground, either adjoining the present location or elsewhere, and a vote was taken of those present as to their wishes, and it was their unanimous desire to purchase more ground even at the added increase of the tax rate.

However nothing definite could be done at this meeting and it is now up to the trustees to make such arrangements as they deem advisable along this line.

There were present at this meeting some of the largest taxpayers of the city who voted to make this purchase even with the added assessment in taxes and there seems to be little doubt but that every citizen would favor this plan.

Jas. M. Gilbert is moving this week to Pineville.

Well Represented

Barbourville and Knox County are well represented this year in the graduating classes of State University, having four members in this class. Jas Golden and Miss Alma Faulkner will receive A. B. Degrees and W. A. Stanfill and Joseph Campbell will have the L. L. D. attached to their names. The first three mentioned are citizens of this city while Mr. Campbell's home is at Indian Creek of this county.

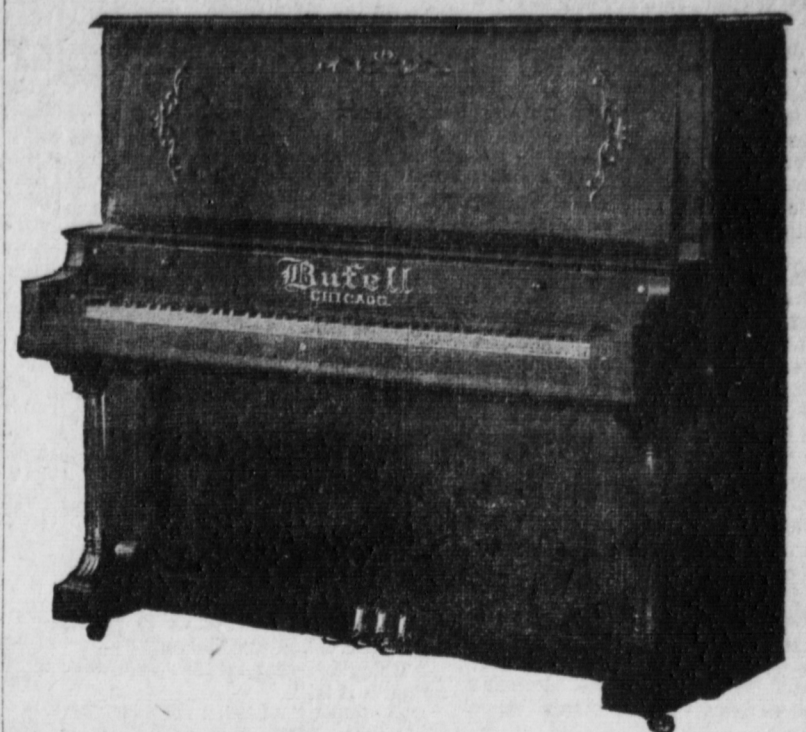
Two other members of the graduating classes are well known in this city and are citizens of our neighboring counties. Mr. Herman Vogliotti of Laurel and Gilsen Meadows of Whitley have many friends here and have played ball with S. B. M. S. and W. I. against teams of B. B. I. and U. C. in this city.

Miss Mary Ellen Matthews, who has been attending the Sacred Heart Academy at Louisville, also completes her course at that institution which closes June nineteenth.

Edward Faulkner, who attended the Louisville College of Dentistry for the past three years, completed his course this term which is just closed and will probably begin practicing in this city.

Read the Advocate.

THIS IS IT THE \$400. BUFELL PIANO



This beautiful piano is now at the store of the Parker Mercantile Company and has during the past four months been viewed and tried by hundreds of people who have pronounced it one of the sweetest toned instruments ever heard in this city.

Whose is it?

Just now any number of girls stand a good chance of winning it. Who is your choice among the candidates?

Get Busy, and Help Your Friend!!

Here are two ways to get votes in the contest: trade with the PARKER MERCANTILE COMPANY and subscribe for THE MOUNTAIN ADVOCATE.

TONSORIAL PARLOR

Near Hotel Jones

If you want a good, clean shave, a neat hair cut or a shampoo, you will find no better place in town

Give them a call

Davis & Dizney, Props.

CORTRIGHT METAL SHINGLES



ARE FIREPROOF

Storm-proof, too, because they interlock and overlap in such a way that the finest driving snow or rain cannot get under them. Best roof for country buildings, because they're safe from all the elements. They'll last as long as the building, and never need repairs.

J. W. B. ACKBURN, Agent
You will do well to consult him before purchasing your roofing

The Three Spears

By Maud J. Perkins

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

A girl was riding toward Holcomb, riding like the wind on a wiry pinto. Behind her was an escort of four Yaqui maidens, who did not display the grace and abandon of their leader. She brought her horse up standing within a few feet of Holcomb's own, and the adventurer said that she was not Indian at all, but pure Spanish. Her creamy, oval face, full scarlet lips and eyes like pools of black water made her very attractive.

The black eyes appraised Holcomb swiftly. He sat his horse like a cowboy, but the pack animal behind was laden with the outfit of the prospector. He was bronzed by hot suns, and his handsome face carried an expression of bold fearlessness that just escaped recklessness.

"Senor," she said abruptly in Spanish, "don't go to the Three Spears." "Why?" demanded Holcomb abruptly. For an instant his eyes sought the shimmering southwest, where three slender peaks arose from the gray of the desert into the hard blue of the sky.

"Danger!" With the single word the girl wheeled her horse abruptly and set off at a gallop toward the river with her cavalade. Their goal was a herd of cattle which was straying from the vicinity of the settlement.

Holcomb, pondering, rode on to the Yaqui town. It was situated near the only water within forty miles, a stream sunk deep in a cleft of the rocks. It was far below the level of the half desert prairie that stretched away to the mountains. The huts and tents of the town were grouped on a shelf just above high water.

Twoscore yards below the town, near where the women were washing clothes, the river dived into a deep orifice in the mountainside. Running at right angles with the stream was a



Riding Like the Wind.

range of mountains to the west, terminating in the distance with the "Three Spears."

Picking his way down to the river, along a trail steep and dangerous, Holcomb replenished his water supply, bought meal of the sullen Indians, and set out on his way to the west again. As he climbed to the plateau a chief halted him with upraised hand—a tall man with stern brown face and narrow eyes.

"The stranger must not go to the Three Spears," he grunted. Holcomb returned the hostile gaze with calmness. He rolled a husk cigarette, lighted it and shook the reins. "I heard you, chief," he answered. The Indian stepped ungraciously aside.

An hour later Holcomb noted four dots on the northern horizon—two mounted Yaquis with pack horses, swinging out and ahead of him in a wide half-circle.

Holcomb was up next morning at the earliest break of dawn, for the "Three Spears" were less than a day's journey away and he was anxious to reach them. At noon, when he stopped for a hasty lunch, he was within the mouth of the defile which led to the higher fastnesses.

He was tightening the cinch of his horse, for the trail ahead was steep and narrow, when a sound caused him to wheel. The Spanish girl of the day before was coming toward him.

Her thin dress was torn and her moccasins were cut to shreds. There were angry bruises on her bare arms and she limped as she walked.

"You must go back!" she cried urgently in Spanish; "the Three Spears mean death."

His mouth set in an obstinate line. "I've traveled for six weeks to see the Three Spears. They say there's gold there; that's why the Indians guard them so closely."

The girl laid an imploring hand on his arm. "No, no!" Her earnestness could not be mistaken. "There is no gold there. But in the valley of the Three Spears is the burial-place of the tribes. The Great Father comes there. And the white man must not see."

"If he profanes the valley with his footsteps, he dies. Even now the guards are waiting. They will kill you if you go on."

Holcomb's face fell. "I don't care much about graveyards," he muttered. "If there's no gold, I'm not curious. But," he asked abruptly, "what are you doing with this tribe?"

"My father had a ranch—there," she pointed to the southwest. "He died three months ago, and the Yaquis seized our cattle and horses. I am a prisoner, though they treat me kindly. They are afraid I would bring the rurales if they freed me."

"How did you get here?" "The senor saw where the water flows into the mountain? At sundown when they were not watching, I let myself into the river, and was carried through to the other side. I had seen the boys do it in play."

"It was very dark, and the current is swift. Sometimes I struck upon the rocks, but the dear Virgin protected me, and I came into the blessed air again. After one passes through the mountain there is a secret path, much shorter than the horse must take, to the Three Spears." So I was in time to warn the senor."

Holcomb seized the girl's hands impulsively in his own. "You did that for me?" he asked wonderingly. "But you were hurt—you must have been injured on the cruel rocks."

"No," she replied; "a few bruises. They are nothing. And I did it for myself, too, senor. I wanted to be free again."

The cowboy-pro prospector burst into English: "You're sure a plucky little kid! I'll get you back to civilization, or bust a leg!" "Texas Holcomb may have been a pretty tough citizen, but he ain't an ongrateful one. How do we get out of here? Them injuns may come surgin' down any time. An' I ain't goin' t' take chances—with you alone."

The girl smiled and colored at the look in his brown eyes. "The four horses are hidden just below," she replied, also in English and without accent. "We must take them and go north. If you do not come soon into their valley, they will creep back and find our footsteps. If we leave the horses they will follow."

"Good; we'll take the horses then. Lead on; I'll follow. What may I call you, ma'am?"

"My name is Isabella de la Barro, but father called me 'Chiquita.'"

"Chiquita—that means 'little one.' Chiquita it is!"

They found the hidden animals without trouble. The pack animals were laden with food, and with water in skins. This, explained Chiquita, was because the two Yaquis were going on a search for poorly-guarded cattle after Holcomb had been disposed of and his belongings appropriated.

The girl swung into the saddle of one of the horses, and they were off. By sundown they had put several miles between themselves and the dangerous "Three Spears." Chiquita cooked suppe, on the fire which Holcomb built, and never had the prospector tasted a meal more delicious.

Holcomb treated her as he would have his sister treated under similar circumstances. At night she slept the sleep of innocence and honest fatigue in his one blanket, while he shivered and dozed, since it grew chill when the sun went down.

By day they plodded northward at a good pace, Holcomb, "with his head on his shoulder," for there was danger of pursuit. But the Yaquis, evidently discouraged because of the start which the fugitives had obtained, and the number of fresh horses at their command, did not follow them.

Chiquita was an ideal traveling companion. She was always bright and gay, delighted with what the moment brought, and taking no thought of the morrow. She was quick to see the changing beauties of the vast country and point them out to Holcomb. Sometimes, with childish impulsiveness, she tugged at his sleeve or clasped his browned wrist, and he thrilled at her touch as the strings of the harp respond to the hand of the player.

After two weeks they came at last to the sight of a town nestling in a hollow below the ridge of hills on which they stood. It was mid forenoon. The clear air etched the hamlet with wonderful distinctness. They could see the toy men and women in the streets.

"There's Ascension, Chiquita," said Holcomb; "ain't you glad?" "Yes," replied the girl, listlessly. The adorable sparkle had died out of her piquant face.

"So am I," went on the prospector. "Do you know why, little one?" She turned grave eyes upon him.

"Why, my friend?" "Because there's a priest there. Unless—" he added humbly, after a pause, "you don't want me. I know I ain't good enough."

The girl, rosy with happiness, flung herself into his arms. "Why, dearest one," she said, in her liquid Spanish, "I have loved thee always!"

Rising to the Occasion. "Fifty dollars!" cried Batkins, after the judge had named the fine. "Why, judge, that's an outrage. I admit I was going too fast, but \$50—" "Them's the figgers," said the judge, coldly.

"All right, I'll pay," said Batkins, "but I'll tell you right now I'll never come through this town again."

"That's so," said the judge. "Wa-al, by gorry, I'm sorry. You've been a mighty good customer, Bill," he added, turning to the sheriff, "hang crape on the courthouse, will ye? This here gentleman's about to pass on forever."—Harper's Weekly.

The English as Klaw Sees Them. Mr. Marc Klaw, the American theatrical manager, who was quoted as saying that the English "are just about as emotional as a Limburger cheese," writes that what he really said was: "The English are a warm-hearted people, but are usually about as demonstrative as fromage de Brie" (a large fat cheese).

When The Sign Failed

By Nellie T. Anderson

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Miss Bab Ellerton sat down and wept.

A healthy, good-looking girl of eighteen does not weep just for the fun of pulling her own nose as her tears fall. Miss Bab had cause—great cause. Her cat was dead.

There is no particular way to describe a dead cat except to say that she was loyal and faithful, a good mouser and her name was "Pink." She had been a cat for several years and had got used to it, and she knew that she was beloved by Miss Bab. That love was returned. Never had that cat given the girl an hour's uneasiness. She had occasionally taken an hour off to stroll among the holly-hocks or interview 'tater-bugs, but she had never failed to come running when her name was called in loving tones.

"Pink" was missed and called right after breakfast. The calling was in vain. She was hunted for under beds, in the garden, all around the pergola, under the currant bushes, and at length there was a find. Alas, it was only her dead body! She had climbed an apple tree after a sparrow, and in descending had slipped and caught her neck in a crotch and strangled to death.

There was no one else but the cook at home. She heard the girl's wild walls and ran out, but there was nothing to be done. While every cat has nine lives, if eight of them are choked out of her the ninth gives up in despair and after a kick or two follows the others.

It was when the cook reached up and lifted poor dead "Pink" down that the weeping took place. The cook also wept. She was a good cook, and her pumpkin pies had no rivals. As she had left her bread in the oven, how-



Gregg Felt It His Duty to Investigate.

ever, she could not stay to weep o'er long. She therefore dashed away her tears to say:

"Never mind, dearie—you shall have another."

"But she won't be 'Pink' to me!" was the wailing reply.

"You can call her 'Rose' or 'Violet,' then. You mustn't take on so. S'pose your dear mother had climbed that tree and got hung by the neck! Think how awful it would have been!"

"Yes, I know, but 'Pink' may have called to me when she found herself strangled."

"But she never did. Her first thought was that she had made a fool of herself getting up that tree. It's another cat we'll have inside of three days. Now be good and don't cry any more."

"I wouldn't feel so bad if—if—"

"If what, dearie?"

"If it wasn't for the sign."

"What sign?"

"Why, one day when I was at the gate with the cat an old woman came along and said 'Pink' died within a year I must take it as a sign that I'd lose the love of my lover. The year isn't up yet."

"Nonsense on the old woman and her signs."

"Don't you believe it?"

"Of course not. You should have made up faces at her."

"Oh, but I did!"

"That's proper and right, honey. As you have no lover how can you lose his love?"

"But I'm going to have, you know, and I don't want any signs to come poking along."

"Don't you fear. Some signs are sure to come true, but this one is going to fail. If you bury 'Pink' that will surely make it fail. There's an old suit case in the woodshed. Put the body in that and take it away."

Forty rods down the highway was a grove of beeches. It was a quiet, restful spot. Now and then an auto went honking by, but as a dead cat is not too particular, "Pink" would sleep there without waking. With the spade in one hand and the suit case in the other, Miss Bab made her way to the grove. She did not have to look long for a spot. Where the violets bloomed and the green leaves cast their shade she dug the grave, or she had begun to when there came an interruption.

Gregg Fenlon was home from college on his vacation, and was tearing around the country in his racing machine in a way to set the bridges on fire. As the spade was turning up the soil he came scorching along looking for something to devour, and there was a sudden stop as he caught sight of the girl. She was only fifty feet

from the road, and he could almost see the tears in her eyes! At least, he could see that her mouth was puckered up in a way that betokened grief, and he felt it his duty to investigate.

"I—I was just burying a cat," explained Miss Bab as the collegian approached and lifted his cap.

"Dead, eh?"

"Yes, got hung."

"Particular cat? That is, an extra lovable cat?"

"Just the nicest cat in all this world! Her name was 'Pink.' She was my pet."

"And you have been crying?" he asked as he took the spade from her hands and began to dig.

"Just—just a little. Her name was 'Pink,' you know, and her death was so very sudden."

"I lost a dog once."

"And you buried him?"

"Sure. Yes, he has a grave."

"And you felt bad?"

"Took me a month to get over it."

"I'm glad of that. It shows you have a heart. When I first saw you I thought you looked reckless. I guess the hole is deep enough now for poor 'Pink's' body. I thank you ever so much."

"Oh, but I'm not through yet. Body in the suitcase, eh? I see. Well, we'll drop it in gently—so. Now I'll pull down a lot of twigs and leaves to cover it in. Now for the dirt and our mournful task is done."

"But you don't think me silly?" she anxiously asked.

"Not a bit of it. Lord, miss, but if the collie dog I've got now should die I'd sure put up a headstone for him and sing a hymn over his grave. I suppose you live in the white house back there? I'll carry the spade and suitcase. Don't weep any more over the cat. You've done all you could in the case."

There was almost a smile on Miss Bab's face as she entered the house. The cook had been peeking, and she stood with her hands on her hips and demanded:

"And now about that old woman's sign?"

"Why—what?"

"That young man!"

"He just came along."

"And he dug the grave for poor 'Pink'?"

"And he was so kind and gentle about it."

"Yes, so kind and gentle!"

"And he lost a dog once."

"Yes, lost a dog once!"

"Why cook what have I done?" asked Miss Bab.

"Done! Done! Why, you've gone and knocked the old woman's cat-sign into a Continental cocked hat, just as I told you you would, and it won't be a year before your engagement will be announced."

"W-h-y, cook!"

"Lost a cat and gained a lover!"

"I—I—I—"

"Just as I said—just as I said. If you are chasing a rooster and fall over the fence that's a sign you won't have a beau for five years to come, but if you find your pet cat hanging dead in an apple tree all the doughnuts ever made can't keep you from marrying the nicest man in the state within two years, and the two years are to be spent in the sweetest courtship ever written of in a ten-cent novel!"

Miss Bab is courting, and it was only the other day that she confessed to the cook:

"I'm not a hard-hearted girl, but really I'm almost glad the cat died!"

WONDERFUL SAVING OF LIFE

Modern Sanitary Measures Have Cut the Death Rate of Chicago Almost in Half, Statistics Show.

Modern sanitary measures and preventive medicine (which means no medicine at all) are chiefly responsible for nearly doubling the average length of human life in Chicago, and that within only one generation.

This statement is clearly borne out by statistics published by the Chicago Health Department, and is only slightly less true of some other localities. But the bald statement does not sufficiently convey the whole truth. Look at the figures: An average death rate in Chicago during the whole forty years previous to the last decade of 21.9 per thousand of population. During the past ten years the average has been only 14.7. This means a saving of 124,421 lives, for the ten years, or 12,442 per year. That is, there were just that many less deaths from all causes than there would have been under former measures and methods.

Does not that make the work appear worth while?

Nothing is plainer than that education of the people, combined with a willingness on their part to do the best they know how, in the various ways of taking better care of themselves, is the main source of this splendid result. The greatest saving of life has been among those diseases most affected by sanitary administration and control.

A still better story is to be told. If the people will do as the Health Department teaches there will be still greater saving during the next ten years.

Tooth-Pulling in Japan.

The Japanese dentists perform all their operations in tooth-drawing with the thumb and forefinger of one hand. The skill necessary to do this is acquired only after long practice, but when once it is obtained the operator is able to extract half-a-dozen teeth in about half a minute without once removing his fingers from the patient's mouth.

The Way of The Wind

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

The wind was the occasion—the cause lay much deeper. A tricky south wind, fitful and fawny, now zephyr-soft, now blowing in mad swirls; you simply could not count on what it might or might not do, especially to hats perched perilously upon newly brushed soft puffs.

Mildred had put on her undulant crown, manifestly false, but very becoming, with more than maiden pride. Anne, her elder sister, a distressingly truthful person, had watched her between criticism and admiration, and had ended by saying:

"You'd better wait for Harriet. Sure as you walk, if the middle path is so sheltered, you'll get to Elba a tag-rag." Mildred had shaken her head, smiling an uneasy smile. She had planned to go in the gray auto with Harriet, her best chum. That was before Harriet had risen to heights of patronizing condescension—rooted apparently in Mildred's need of the favors done her.

No girl of spirit could endure that—not even though she knew the real root of the matter wore trousers and answered to the name of Ellis Benson. He was fairly rich, more than fairly good looking, of an adventurous temper that had sent him around the world, ostensibly on business, but more for the sake of seeing sights and wonders. He had been wandering three full years, which in their passing had transformed Harriet and Mildred, the pig-tailed pair he had loved to pet and tease, into full-fledged young women. He had brought them strings of beads—turquoise for fair Mildred, coral for dark Harriet—and had not dreamed of anything but clasping the straws about youthful throats, and taking kisses in reward.

When he had actually made the gifts, presenting them stiffly, albeit his eyes twinkled, he had laughed inwardly—perhaps at his own former folly. He liked them if they had grown up—and very nearly equally. But since Harriet had so much, Milly so little,



Almost wrenching off her hat.

he was rather inclined to do more for her. His kindly preference had set Harriet wild. All along she had had her mind set on marrying Ellis Benson. She was tired of the rich and tranquil countryside. She wanted a husband who would take her out into the thick of things. Further, as an only child and heiress, she had grown up rather spoiled, to think that the best of everything was her due. Mildred's charm for her had lain in a certain loving generosity, which made her not merely willing but eager to give Harriet, in everything, the first place.

Benson had come home in midsummer. In September he had gone away for a while. Now in late October his aunt, Mrs. Lane, mistress of Elba, the show place of the neighborhood, was giving a garden party, which she called her chrysanthemum show.

Ellis was coming back for it—so much everybody knew. Therefore Harriet had ordered three new frocks for it, partly because she could not make up her mind as to one, partly also by way of triumphing over Mildred, who could do no more than make over her grandmamma's pink brocade. Time had softened it and, thanks to hobble skirts, the pattern was ample. When at last the frock was finished, touched here and there with cobweb yellow lace, and wonderfully fitted to Mildred's lissome slimmness, it had truly an air of Paris, all the more that she had put into it the veriest glints of blue, exactly matching her string of turquoise. There was just a hint of the same blue amid the fluffy feathers of her wide-brimmed white hat. Altogether, when at last she was ready to go, Anne was not far wrong in saying, with a regretful sigh:

"It's a shame to let you waste yourself—looking as you do—but you always were too hard-headed for anything."

The middle path, the short cut to Elba, ran squarely into the main drive as it curved in from the highway. The path led over a stile in hedge, cunningly hidden by tall shrubs. Mildred had got safely over this stile, and was settling herself to walk the rest of the path serenely, when the wind flew at her, almost wrenching off her hat, and wrapping her long coat so closely about her she could barely move. There was nothing for it but to go

forward, head on, seeing no more of the way than the next step.

Thus, when the path ended in the main road, she ran plump into Ellis Benson—who had also come about—to his own amazement. He was thinking hard—Mildred bumped against him before he was fairly aware of her presence. He caught her gently in his arms, saying with a laugh:

"Has the sky fallen that I am catching a lark?"

"Why! I—it's the wind—and this—rubbish-y hat," Mildred panted, putting both hands up to straighten the brim of her headpiece.

Ellis surveyed it critically. "It is—not exactly a walking hat," he said. "Now—why didn't you wait for your fairy godmother's coach-and-sixty horse power? A car, making its own wind, can beat this small disturbance hands down."

"Fairy godmothers went out with Santa Claus," Mildred said, blushing faintly, but trying to ignore the under-meaning of his words.

He shook his head at her. "A skeptic," he said sorrowfully. "What am I going to do about it? I want her to believe—oh, a great many things."

"What sort of things?" Mildred asked, still clutching her hat. "But wait and tell me after I have found shelter," she added, making to walk on.

The wind blew harder than ever. In her swathing skirt, she could barely mince, and even mincing she tottered. Benson steadied her, made himself a shield, and ran on:

"One is—the reason I went away. Did you really believe it was business?"

"I didn't know," Mildred said simply—but her heart was beating fast.

Benson looked down at her with a kindly quizzical smile: "It was—the greatest of all business," he said. "An effort to—know my own heart."

"Indeed!" Mildred vouchsafed, drawing a little away, in fear he might overhear the riot of her blood.

He nodded. "I need a wife," he said, dispassionately. "I knew it—the minute I saw you—and Harriet. Both of you seemed exactly made for me—yet, society is so narrow, I had to choose—"

"You were sure of us, I suppose!" Mildred interrupted.

He shook his head. "I was sure of—nothing," he said. "Not all the time I was gone—I came back as uncertain."

Here the wind took a stronger hand—blew and blew until perforce he drew Mildred well within his arms. The blast drowned the purring of a motor moving so laggardly one knew it must very soon stop dead. Stop it did, just level with the pair; a voice from within said, with an underacid note:

"Congratulations—if they are in order."

"They are," Benson said, gravely. "At least I hope so," lifting Mildred's hand to his lips. In her ear he added: "Darling, the wind chose for me. The minute it flung you in my arms—I knew."

Would Make Sure of Death.

Elaborate precautions against premature interment were ordered in the will of Mr. Thomas Douglas Murray, of Iwer-place, Iwer, Buckinghamshire, England, who died recently. The testator directed that on his apparent death his body should be kept in a well-warmed bed for 36 hours thereafter, and should then be placed in a coffin in a warm room with the windows partially opened, and watched for four days and nights. During this period the tests give in a pamphlet, "The Signs and Proof of Death," should be applied and during this period a bell should be attached to his wrist, which should be easily audible within and without the room. When decomposition had set in a surgeon should completely sever the spinal cord high up in his body, and his coffin should not be screwed down until the twelfth day after his death. His remains were then to be cremated, the ashes to be scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Valuable Pine-Needle Oil.

As a result of the recent research work on the pines of Tasmania and Australia, a pine-needle oil that has a medical value has been discovered. Another result is, perhaps, more important. From the bark of the pine tree is obtained an exudation called sandarach, which is useful for varnishes. From the pine bark the museum experts have extracted 14 to 40 per cent. of tannin against the eight per cent. obtained in England from oak bark, and they have demonstrated that the wood of the Australian marrie, plum, mountain ash, and giant gum is suitable for the manufacture of golf clubs.

An Exception.

"That theatrical star declares she will have nothing to do with anything so gross as business details." "Humph! I notice she excepts the gross receipts."

Great daring and ingenuity were recently displayed by a youth in making his escape from the Borstal Institution at Feltham, Wiltshire, England, where he had been placed on a charge of burglary. Wearing only a night-shirt, he squeezed between the bars of the dormitory window, which were only 2.0 inches apart; lowered himself to the ground 30 feet below by knotted blankets and a sheet, and scaled a high wall topped with barbed wire. He kept to the fields and twice saw the warders scouring the roads on bicycles. Breaking into a farmhouse, by forcing the iron bars of the kitchen window, he stole food and clothing. He eluded the warders but was caught by the police a mile from the farm.